

# San Marcos Free Press.

I. H. JULIAN, Editor.

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## Shakespeare Modernized.

### HAMLET TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you,  
As I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue,  
But if you mouth it, as many of our players do,  
I had as lief Count Joannes had spoke my lines.  
Nor do not saw the air too much  
With your hands and feet,  
After the fashion of a wind-mill or Brother Talmage,  
But use all gently. O, it offends me to the soul  
To see a robustious, periwig-pated fellow  
Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,  
And mop the stage with it, so to speak.  
Be not too tame, either;  
But let discretion be your tutor,  
As it is much cheaper than to take lessons  
Of a professor of elocution.  
Suit the action to the word, and vice versa,  
And get in your work in some kind of style.  
Anything overdone is from the purpose of playing,  
Whose end is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror  
Up to Nature, that for herself she may see  
How her clothes may fit, and ascertain  
If there is any powder in her ears or eye-brows.  
A speech overdone, or come tardy off,  
Though it make the gods in the cockloft laugh,  
Can not but make those in the parquette  
Or dress-circle grieve, the censure  
Of one of which must, in your allowance,  
O'erweigh a whole theater of others,  
For they pay from \$1 to \$1.50 each.  
O, there be players that I have seen play,  
Not to speak it profanely,  
That, neither having the accent of Christians  
Nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man,  
Have so strutted and bellowed—  
And I do not by any means  
Refer exclusively to Dr. Landis—  
That I have been tempted to go out to the  
box-office,  
Murder the treasurer, recover my money,  
And set fire to the building.  
—Old City Derrick.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Peterkins Celebrate the Fourth of July  
The day began early.

A compact had been made with the little boys the evening before.

They were to be allowed to usher in the glorious day by the blowing of horns exactly at sunrise. But they were to blow them for precisely five minutes only, and no sound of the horns should be heard afterward till the family were down stairs.

It was thought that a peace might thus be bought by a short though crowded period of noise.

The morning came. Even before the morning, at half-past 3 o'clock, a terrible blast of the horns aroused the whole family.

Mrs. Peterkin clasped her hands to her head and exclaimed: "I am thankful the lady from Philadelphia is not here!" For she had been invited to stay a week, but had declined to come before the Fourth as she was not well, and her doctor had prescribed quiet.

And the number of the horns was most remarkable! It was as though every cow in the place had risen and was blowing through both her own horns!

"How many little boys are there? How many have we?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, going over their names one by one mechanically, thinking he would do it, as he might count imaginary sheep jumping over a fence, to put himself to sleep. Alas! the counting could not put him to sleep now in such a din.

And how unexpectedly long the five minutes seemed! Elizabeth Eliza was to take out her watch and give the signal for the end of the five minutes and the ceasing of the horns. Why did not the signal come? Why did not Elizabeth Eliza stop them?

And certainly it was long before sunrise; there was no dawn to be seen!

"We will not try this plan again," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"If we live to another Fourth," added Mr. Peterkin, hastening to the door, to inquire into the state of affairs.

Alas! Amanda, by mistake, had waked up the little boys an hour too early. And by another mistake the little boys had invited three or four of their friends to spend the night with them. Mrs. Peterkin had given them permission to have the boys for the whole day, and they understood the day as beginning when they went to bed the night before. This accounted for the number of horns.

And, in despair of sleep, the family came down to breakfast.

Mrs. Peterkin had always been much afraid of fireworks, and had never allowed the boys to bring gunpowder into the house. She was even afraid of torpedoes; they looked so much like sugar plums she was sure some of the children would swallow them, and explode before any body knew it.

In consideration, however, of the fact that they had had no real celebration of the Fourth the last year, Mrs. Peterkin had consented to give over the day, this year, to the amusement of the family as a Centennial celebration. She would

prepare herself for a terrible noise—only she did not want any gunpowder brought into the house.

The little boys had begun by firing some torpedoes a few days beforehand, that their mother might be used to the sound, and had selected their horns some weeks before.

Solomon John had been very busy in inventing some fire-works. As Mrs. Peterkin objected to the use of gunpowder, he found out from the dictionary what the different parts of gunpowder are—salt-peter, charcoal, and sulphur. Charcoal he discovered they had in the wood-house; salt-peter they would find in the cellar, in the beef-barrel; and sulphur they could buy at the apothecary's. He explained to his mother that these materials had never yet exploded in the house, and she was quieted.

Agamemnon, meanwhile, remembered a recipe he had read somewhere for making a "fulminating paste" of iron filings and powder of brimstone. He had it written down on a piece of paper in his pocket-book. But the iron filings must be finely powdered. This they began upon a day or two before, and, the very afternoon before, laid out some of the paste on the piazza.

Pin-wheels and rockets were contributed by Mr. Peterkin for the evening. According to a programme drawn up by Agamemnon and Solomon John, the reading of the Declaration of Independence was to take place in the morning on the piazza under the flags.

Quite a company assembled: but it seemed nobody had a copy of the Declaration of Independence.

Elizabeth Eliza said she could say one line, if they each could add as much. But it proved they all knew the same line that she did, as they began:

"When, in the course of—when, in the course of—when, in the course of human events—when, in the course of human events—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people—"

They could not get any farther. Some of the party decided that "one people" was a good place to stop, and the little boys sent off some fresh torpedoes in honor of the people. But Mr. Peterkin was not satisfied. He invited the assembled party to stay until sunset, and meanwhile he would find a copy, and torpedoes were to be saved to be fired off at the close of every sentence.

Mr. Peterkin had been about all this time in search of a copy of the Declaration of Independence. The public library was shut, and he had to go from house to house; but now as the sunset bells and cannon began, he returned with a copy, and read it, to the pealing of the bells and sounding of the cannon. Torpedoes and crackers were fired at every pause. Some sweet-marijoram pots, tin cans filled with crackers which were lighted, went off with great explosions.

At the most exciting moment, near the close of the reading, Agamemnon, with an expression of terror, pulled Solomon John aside.

"I have suddenly remembered where I read about the 'fulminating paste' we made. It was in the preface to 'Woodstock,' and I have been around to borrow the book, to read the directions over again, because I was afraid about the 'paste' going off. READ THIS QUICKLY! and tell me, where is the fulminating paste?"

Solomon John was busy winding some covers of paper over a little parcel. It contained chlorate of potash and sulphur mixed. A friend had told him of the composition. The more thickness of paper you put around it, the louder it would go off. You must pound it with a hammer. Solomon John felt it must be perfectly safe, as his mother had taken potash, for a medicine.

He still held the parcel as he read from Agamemnon's book: "This paste, when it has lain together about twenty-six hours, will of itself take fire and burn all the sulphur away with a blue flame and a bad smell."

"Where is the paste?" repeated Solomon John, in terror.

"We made it just 26 hours ago," said Agamemnon.

"We put it on the piazza," exclaimed Solomon John, rapidly recalling the facts, "and it is in front of mother's feet!"

He hastened to snatch the paste away before it should take fire, flinging aside the packet in his hurry. Agamemnon, jumping upon the piazza at the same moment, trod upon the paper parcel, which exploded at once with the shock, and he fell to the ground, while at the same moment the paste "fulminated" into a blue flame directly in front of Mrs. Peterkin!

It was a moment of great confusion. There were cries and screams. The bells were still ringing, the cannon firing, and Mr. Peterkin had just reached the closing words: "Our lives, our fortune, and our sacred honor."

"We are all blown up, as I feared we should be," Mrs. Peterkin at length ventured to say, finding herself in a lilac-bush by the side of the piazza. She scarcely dared to open her eyes to see the scattered limbs about her.

It was so with all. Even Ann Maria Bromwich clutched a pillar of the piazza, with closed eyes.

At length, Mr. Peterkin said, calmly: "Is any body killed?"

There was no reply. Nobody could tell whether it was because every body was killed, or because they were too wounded to answer. It was a great while before Mrs. Peterkin ventured to move.

But the little boys soon shouted with joy and cheered the success of Solomon John's fire-works and hoped he had some more. One of them had his face blackened by an unexpected cracker, and Elizabeth Eliza's dress was burned here and there. But no one was hurt; no one had lost any limbs, though Mrs. Peterkin was sure she had seen some flying in the air. Nobody could understand how, as she kept her eyes firmly shut.

Mrs. Peterkin was extricated from the lilac-bush. No one knew how she got there, indeed, the thundering noise had stunned every body. It had aroused the neighborhood even more than before. Answering explosions came on every side, and though the sunset light had not faded away, the little boys hastened to send off rockets under cover of the confusion. Solomon John's other fire-works would not go. But all felt he had done enough.—*Lucretia P. Hale, in St. Nicholas.*

## The Pretty Girls at Worth's.

Olive Logan writes from Paris to the Cincinnati Commercial: Now every girl you see at Worth's is dressed in a masterpiece of the house. Undoubtedly these girls are chosen for their fine figures, and therefore it is not extraordinary that some of them have forms which would lose nothing by comparison with the Venuses of the Louvre. The enchanting peculiarities of these forms is studied, and the dress is made in accordance with the figure, instead of the figure being distorted to meet a conventional cut of the dress. Take the English-speaking girl, Miss Mary, she who does all the talking with the Americans who can not speak French. Could any sculptor dream of a more perfect torso than hers? And observe the Greek suggestion in the cut of the bodice! Soft folds of rich, pliable India silk start from the shoulders, and, crossing each other like a kerchief, are held down by a belt. Nothing less intricate than this cut could be imagined. A colored dressmaker from Covington at 75 cents a day could make it. Yet that it should look well a woman should have the figure of Miss Mary—the long, slender waist, the sloping shoulders, the firm, small, young bust. It is the figure of Maggie Mitchell enlarged—as who should say, *Fanchon* grown up to womanhood and married to her *Landry*.

All the figures are beautiful, and every woman who looks at these girls says to herself, "Perhaps my figure will look like that if I buy Worth's dresses."

Now, what do they cost, these dresses at Worth's? Well, leaving court trains and stage costumes entirely out of the count, and taking only the range of dresses which a private lady would require, you can get dresses from Worth anywhere from \$50 to \$300. "Fifty dollars!" exclaim many Cincinnati ladies, "I can well afford that. What sort of a dress can I get for \$50?" Why, simply a little Oxford stripe in washing goods, a Princess shape with two frills around the bottom of the skirt, and a Marie Antoinette scarf, with ends to knot around the shoulder. You can get a silk and cashmere dress—a good deal more cashmere than silk—for \$150. The thermometer of rates is generally found to be at \$200—a thousand francs. The introduction of lace into trimmings of course brings the cost up from \$300 to the price of the Stewart Home, there or thereabouts.

THE Governor of Kwang Tung recently applied to the Chinese Government for permission to erect a memorial structure in honor of the filial devotion of a young daughter of a magistrate in Canton. Her father fell ill, and she devoted herself to nursing him. At the end of six months his malady increased, and the daughter cut a piece of flesh from her arm, and mixed it with his medicine. The remedy, however, proved ineffectual, so she vowed to sacrifice her life to his, and poisoned herself on the day that her father died. The Government has sanctioned the monument.

## HERE AND THERE.

IN Boston the Bergh society is enlisted in behalf of the cats that are left to wander homeless while their owners go on their country summering. The offer is made to take care of the cats that are to be deserted—by chloroform, if homes can't be found for them.

WESTMINSTER, Mass., had an old folks' picnic, at which 74 persons over 70 years of age were present. Jonas Miller performed on the big fiddle that he used to play in church 80 years ago, and Miss Bacon, aged 84, contributed an original poem.

EVEN at three cents a mug, it is said the retailer of beer can make a hundred per cent., if he knows the tricks of drawing it. It all depends on the proportion of foam to solid beer in the mug, and the tapster who can not make a keg yield a hundred mugs does not understand his business.

IF the surplus population does not take to the cultivation of the soil it is not on account of the dearth of lands. Three hundred and sixty thousand acres of white oak timber and mineral lands in McDougal County, West Virginia, were sold the other day by auction. After 60,000 acres had been disposed of, the remaining 300,000 were knocked down at one cent an acre.

DR. PLOT, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," published 1686, relates that a Lady Child, of Shopshire, was married at 12 years of age, had her first baby, a daughter, before she completed her thirteenth year. This daughter also married at the age of 12, and gave birth to a child before she reached 13. Thus Lady Child became a grandmother before 27.

A MICHIGAN girl tried to get into a rear window of the school-house the other day, when the sash fell and held her fast about the neck. Several men across the street heard her scream, but supposed it was children at play, and it was 10 or 15 minutes before she was seen and her unconscious body released. It was long before indications of life were discovered, and several hours before the child regained consciousness.

SWIMMING, says Gen. J. E. Alexander, may be taught in two days in this manner: A pole ten feet long is projected from the stern of a boat. There is an iron ring at the outer end of the pole. A man rows the boat slowly in smooth water. Another stands in the boat, supports the learner by means of a girth round the chest and a rope passed through the ring of the pole, and directs him how to make strokes with his arms and legs.

THE recent destruction of the buildings of the Sublime Porte at Constantinople is a serious loss to the Government. The Porte was a long range of buildings in the center of a spacious court-yard. As the edifice stood on high ground, it was a prominent feature in the city view from the entrance to the Golden Horn. The archives, stored away in fire-proofs in the basement, were saved, but over a million of dollars on deposit was melted into an undistinguishable mass of gold and silver.

THE Chief Engineer of the Chicago and Northwestern Road, to test the smoothness of the track, placed a glass of water on the seat of a Pullman palacer the other day, and carried it right through from Chicago to Omaha without losing a drop. Thinking specific gravity might have something to do with it, next trip he tried a glass of whisky, and when he examined the glass at the first station out he found it as dry as the Desert of Sahara at high noon.

JUST before the horses were called on for a race in Beacon Park, Boston, a tramp, with a pack on his back, came shambling along among the stables, and inquired the road to Lowell. A joker pointed down the track, along which the tramp at once began his journey. In due time he reappeared at the point from whence he had set out, still slouching along and looking neither to the right nor left, and started around the course again. After trudging around the circle three times, to the amusement of the spectators, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He looked up, recognized the gate by which he had entered, and dashed out in anger.

A FRESH illustration of the manner in which American claimants to delusive English properties allow themselves to be bamboozled by agents who want their expenses paid to England and back is given in the recent gathering of the Jennings heirs at Philadelphia. In magnificent phrase the property is rated at \$160,000,000 in the Bank of England, besides valuable estates in different parts of the country, but although many agents have been sent, the American heirs have gained nothing and spent much. No wiser by experience, however, another traveler is to be sent over, who demands \$1,610 down and a tenth of the estate when he gets it.

## CARE OF THE HEALTH.

PHOSPHATE of zinc is recommended for neuralgia.

A RUSSIAN surgeon has made a series of experiments showing that cancer is inoculable.

LIVING out of doors, and even camping out, is now recommended for consumptives by physicians in Europe as well as America.

MALARIAL disorders, in children especially, are sometimes accompanied by an eruption resembling that of scarlet fever.

A GERMAN physician has discovered that if one-fifth part of oil of turpentine be added to chloroform, the latter can be administered without danger of asphyxia.

It is not so generally known as it should be that belladonna, or its active principle, atropia, is the most efficient antidote in case of opium-poisoning; but it must not be administered in too large quantities, else it produces poisonous effects of its own.

CURE OF INEBRIATES.—At the New York State Inebriate Asylum, various remedies are given as temporary substitutes for alcoholic stimulant. Among the most reliable of them is a prescription containing dilute phosphoric acid and the elixir of calisaya bark.

CAUTION TO MOTHERS.—Physicians of Berlin have sent forth an urgent warning against the use of the popular baby-carriage in which the little ones sit facing the nurse and are pushed backward. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing this normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to affect injuriously the development of both sight and brain.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.—A recent London letter to *The Medical Times* gives an interesting abstract of a lecture by Dr. Alfred Carpenter on "Alcoholic Drinks as Diet, as Medicines, and as Poisons." The lecturer considered that alcohol in any of its forms may be a good medicine, "but it is a bad diet, and that its action as a poison is visible among all ranks of society." He summed up its effects very strikingly in saying that "work which is kept going by continuous doses of alcohol always ends in a break-down. If it is taken for the purpose of increasing muscular exertion, ultimately there is great loss of muscular power, as all athletes know. If mental exertions are kept going by alcohol, there is a mental break-down, as the lunatic asylums testify."

CURE FOR BRONCHITIS, LARYNGITIS, AND QUINSY.—Mr. G. A. Sala, in a recent *Illustrated London News*, writes: "Until two or three evenings since I had never heard of the treatment of bronchial complaints by the external application of the most precious of metals. I was talking to an American gentleman on the subject of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, when he said, 'Why don't you try a gold necklet? I have worn one, my wife has worn one, my children have worn such necklets for months together. I have recommended the remedy to hundreds of my friends, and in no case have I found it fail as a cure for bronchitis, laryngitis, and quinsy sore-throat.' He went on to say that the necklet should be worn so just as to be concealed, in the case of menfolk, by the shirt-collar. It should not be so tight as to inconvenience the wearer, but it should be made to press flat on the throat."

## "I'm a Dunce, Sir."

"What's your name?" a teacher on in the country asked a new pupil.

"I'm a dunce, sir," replied the boy.

The teacher's eyes dilated a little, and thinking he hadn't understood, said:

"What did you say?"

"I'm a dunce, sir," repeated the boy, who was a rather bright-looking lad.

"You're a dunce, are you?" said the teacher, smiling.

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Why, didn't you say so?"

"No, sir."

"Yes, you did."

"No, sir."

The teacher was about to appeal to the school to sustain him when a thought struck him, and turning to the boy he asked:

"What is your first name?"

"Isaac, sir."

"And your next?"

"May, sir."

The teacher was quivering with excitement now, and he was fairly trembling with eagerness as he asked:

"And the last?"

"Dunn, sir."

"Now say it again, the whole of it," shouted the pedagogue.

"I. May Dunn, sir."

"Boys," yelled the teacher, "always be careful and be correct and particular in your pronunciation. Let this be a warning to you."—*Keokuk Constitution.*